

**“Seven Wonders of the World”  
By an unknown UU Minister  
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One of our UU ministers tells a story of a parishioner, an architect, who took his 9-year-old son on a camping trip. At the end of the first day they stood together high in the mountains and watched a breathtaking sunset catch the clouds on fire, then fade softly to pastel blues and purples, lavenders and gold, then darken to give twinkle to the stars coming forward to light up the night. The father observed, “This must be the eighth wonder of the world.”

The son thought about that for a moment, then asked, “Dad, what are the other seven?” The father paused, then numbered them, one by one: 1) the pyramids of Egypt, 2) the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, 3) the Colossus of Rhodes, 4) the tomb of Mausolus at Halicarnassus, 5) the temple of Artemis at Ephesus, 6) the statue of Zeus by Phidias at Olympia, and 7) the Pharos (or lighthouse) of Alexandria.

The architect answered his son’s question with pride, describing each of these marvels in considerable detail. Then they stood silently together, until the sky wound itself into a riot of stars. Minutes passed. The man felt very good. Then his son spoke.

“Dad, those things you told me about. They aren’t the real seven wonders of the world.”

“What do you mean, Son?” [the father replied.]

“The first wonder of the world is the birth of a baby. Don’t you think so, Dad? The second is being able to see. Then comes being able to talk and walk. That’s four. Hearing makes five. Then either touch or smell, maybe both.

Looking upon the creation with new eyes, his father said, “How about love?”

“Love,” his son repeated. “That’s the eighth wonder of the world.”